Stopping the Berkeley Railroad, p. 2.

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Osceola

Winning more hearts and minds

Associated Press photo

BY DAVID BELSER

If you have a farm in Vietnam and a house in hell, sell the farm and go home.
--Michael Casey
WINNING HEARTS & MINDS

"Sometimes, after I'd just got back, I'd be walking down Main Street and I'd look up and see the State House and wonder how long it would take to level it, with B-52s and heavy artillary. You could say it took me a while to get over Vietnam."

Like so many other people here in Columbia and South Carolina, volunteers or career soldiers, Vietnamese and American, the speaker has been touched forever by the war in Vietnam. His reaction to the recent events there is immediate and personal. But what he and many others have to say is a story of what South Carolinians have in common.

South Carolina has, more than most states, been a major participant in the war in Vietnam. The strong military orientation here is reflected in the many Army, Navy and Air Force installations across the state. Fort Jackson, Shaw Air Force Base, the Charleston Naval Base -- all these have given South Carolina and its people an automatic emotional and economic involvement with the fortunes of the United States in Vietnam. General William C. Westmoreland, the unsuccessful Republican gubernatorial candidate last year, commanded U.S. forces in Vietnam during our heaviest involvement there. At the height of the war, Fort Jackson in Columbia was training more than 90,000 soldiers a year, making it one of the most vital suppliers for the American war machine. And South Carolina suffered more than its share of killed, wounded and missing in action when that machine bogged down.

In the last few weeks, as the South Vietnamese army has abandoned one province after another to the advancing North Vietnamese and Viet Cong, international and local interest has again focused on Vietnam. **Osceola** spoke to a number of people recently who have a special interest in the news coming out of Vietnam. We found many at Fort Jackson and the University eager to talk about the war. Civilians and professional soldiers, students and retired officers -- each had his own story, his private version of the war to tell. All of them asked that their names not be used. As their stories indicate, the Vietnam question still triggers instant and intense disagreement. As one soldier told us, "What I have to say is not exactly the party line."

★★★★★

Think of him as the guy you went to high school or college with -- someone who grew up in the state, who fought in Vietnam, who will never be quite the same as he was when he lived next door. He's 27 now and about to enter graduate school in architecture; he claimed he hadn't told a war story in four years. But the Vietnam experience is still a part of his life.

"What remains most in my memory is the sickness of the lifestyle -- the mosquitos, your feet bleeding just from being wet, from jungle rot. I was an airborne ranger, a glorified paratrooper really. We operated in an area called the Angel's Wing up by the Cambodian border. We were involved in ambushes, firefights, that sort of thing, in what's known as the An Ninh corridor, where there was a lot of infiltration into the South.

"I was part of the 'incursion' into Cambodia. I volunteered for Vietnam, over there from August 1969 to April 1971. I decided to do it right, go all the way if I was going at all, be airborne and the like. Even after I was in I had my doubts, I thought of going to Canada.

"Now, when I try to justify my having been there -- if any good came of my being there at all, apart from the personal experience -- it was that since I was there and not some damn fool lieutenant in my place, the lives of a lot of the guys I was with were saved. There was a joke we had in Vietnam: What's the difference between the U.S. Army and the Boy Scouts? The Boy Scouts have adult leadership....

"You know the worst thing we ever did was to bomb Hanoi. After that, they came down South with all the venom their teeth could hold, ready to sink them into the Americans. Now if they had bombed Columbia, killed your family, there's probably be plenty of people here willing to fight those who'd done the bombing.

"I'm not surprised at what's happened in Vietnam in the last few weeks; I'm just surprised it hasn't happened sooner. I've got no respect for the South Vietnamese army. It's corrupt from top to bottom and they're third rate soldiers. I'd like to see the whole regime fall flat on its face. At least then there'd be some control, some hospitals and schools could be set up..

"I don't think the United States has learned a thing from all this. There are too many good old boys in Congress who were brought up on conventional war. So many of the Americans that were over there acted like they were running around shooting doves -- only there the doves shoot back...

(Continued on page 4)

South Carolina's role in our longest war

A MAGAZINE FOR COLUMBIA & SOUTH CAROLINA
osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
—press critic A.J. Liebling

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Politicus

Hot breathing

Opposition to a state bond for the $5 million Berkeley County railroad line has proved an overwhelming surprise, both in numbers and intensity. Senators who rarely raised a voice in anger have been compelled to harangue, to filibuster, generally to use every method available to them to kill the Dennis railraod amendment to the bond bill.

Senator Albert J. Dooley of Lexington is no Meek Marvin of that august upper house. But nonetheless it was quite a surprise to hear the ferocity of his opposition to the Dennis amendment Wednesday. Fired by indignation at the Berkeley County senator's abuse of his senatorial influence, Dooley let loose a torrent of criticism that must have burned the ears of Dennis and a few others.

"If we continue at the rate we're going, we're going to be the laughing stock of the state," Dooley wailed plaintively. Funding the Berkeley County railroad spur, which would be used exclusively by a proposed Amoco polyester fiber plant, "would be a new way of financing everything that comes along," warned Dooley.

Sen. Albert J. Dooley

"That's what you're talking about -- buying industry. This is something which, if taken to its final resting place, could bankrupt this state," Dooley continued. Then he delivered the clincher.

After referring to an editorial in **The State** newspaper which criticized senators for spending so much time trying to kill the Dennis amendment, Dooley intimated that there might be more at stake than he knew. "I'd like to know if there might be some financial interest involved in this," Dooley asked. Though Dooley's remark by its timing was apparently an inference that the editorial may have been prompted by the possibility of the newspaper's economic interest in the railroad, he looked directly and intensely at Dennis while saying it. One fully expected Dooley to ask Dennis outright if he had any financial interest in the railroad.

Dennis, chairman of the Finance Committee which approved his railroad amendment and a member of the state Budget and Control Board which would have to issue the bond if approved, grew perceptibly irritated at Dooley. His tanned face grew taut, and his mouth lost its perpetual half-smile. What do these young upstarts think they're doing, challenging me, Dennis probably thought. Don't they realize I alone can make them or break them?

Could it be that some of the reform sentiment that tinged the House elections last fall could have filtered into the Senate? It's a possibility, but considering that the membership of the Senate is the same one that emasculated ethics, killed tidelands legislation, and exiled home rule in the last two years, reform is a doubtful motivator for the current struggles.

More likely, self-interest is the reason many senators are fighting the Dennis amendment. It always helps when election time rolls around to be able to tell the folks back home how you got them that hospital wing or that new highway. You can't do that if Rembert Dennis has already spent all your money for you. No one has anything against pork barrel politics, except when someone else is the beneficiary. In the Senate, as anywhere else, it's every man for himself, but unfortunately some senators are bound to come up on the losing end in the fiscal dogfights.

But Dennis is feeling the hot breath on his neck. And he's backed down a bit on the railroad measure. First he decided to take the $5 million from State Ports Authority bonds -- some of which were earlier authorized for a similar railroad project, he contends and others just as emphatically deny -- rather than authorize brand spanking new bonds to the Public Railways Commission as his original amendment proposed. Then Dennis retreated further, last week announcing that Amoco would have to pay the principal and interest on the bond.

So what's wrong with that, if Amoco is going to be paying for the construction and operation of the spur line? The answer is, plenty. What Dennis is essentially trying to do is to have the state secure the $5 million for Amoco, and the oil company would supposedly retire the bond with interest. But the state would be putting its triple-A credit rating on the line, just so a private company could get a cheap loan.

South Carolina, because it has the best credit rating possible, would certainly get a bond issued at a much lower interest rate than Amoco would pay if it were to get a $5 million loan from the same investors. But the state, at worst, could lose its triple-A rating if Amoco didn't retire the bond plus interest. The second worst possibility is that should Amoco be unable to retire the bond, South Carolina would have to do it for Amoco. Which would put the state in the position it held before Dennis "softened" his proposal.

At the very least, if the state issued a $5 million bond for the Amoco line, that would mean the state could issue $5 million less for its own projects. South Carolina can only issue a maximum of $65 million a year in capital improvement bonds. If the latest Dennis amendment were approved and the bond issued for the railroad, that $5 million would be subtracted from the $65 million limit.

If Dennis is able to get a cheap loan channeled to a private company through the state, as he's trying to do here, it would be only fair if other legislators were allowed to do likewise. In the interest of "fairness," then, South Carolina's $65 million in capital improvement bonds could be issued in any one year without any of the money being used to help the state's taxpayers. Of course,

(continued on page six)

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Letters

On nuclear dangers

Dear editors:

Your reprint of the Amanda Spake article which mentions my dealings with a former client, Allied-Gulf (now Allied-General) Nuclear Services causes me to hope you will print this letter to clarify for your readers my activities. I do so not in my own defense, but because Ms. Spake by inference castigates the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club.

Both organizations are comprised of dedicated people who work without gaining anything but satisfaction, and all too often criticism. To think that I started such a group to accomplish my own ends, or "had myself appointed" to leadership, is to demonstrate a gross misunderstanding of how these organizations select their leaders.

To the contrary, I carefully informed both groups of my business connections, and was careful to disqualify myself from any discussions pertaining to my clients. It is true that I offered the services of Bob Newman to both groups at their request, because I have found Mr. Newman not only knowledgeable, but sincere and honest in what he does. I have no reason to believe he has changed.

The fact that I found others within the nuclear industry who were not sincere, who were in fact quite the opposite in their attitudes and actions, is the reason that I, as have many others who have been in the industry, decided to resign the account, renounce the nuclear industry, and indeed give up a business which I found increasingly distasteful. I am the first to admit that in many jobs I have done as a public relations practitioner, the causes for which I was paid to represent were increasingly at odds with my developing ethics and beliefs as an individual. The end result was that I have sought and gained employment of a different sort, where the type of conflict does not exist.

Ms. Spake's idea of why the environmental groups chose not to enter the Allied-Gulf controversy is as far from the truth as it could be. I submit that the real reason for the reluctance of both groups to become involved was simply that at the time, there were some frenzied, incoherent people opposing the project; neither group wished to be identified with an ally of that sort, since both groups choose to use a different, and more responsible approach.

I will go even further. Even though I am no longer active in a leadership role in either group, I have reason to believe that the considerable prestige and influence of both can be brought to bear against all nuclear projects in South Carolina, by anyone who wishes to join and as a volunteer work the hundreds of hours and spend whatever amount of their own money that each project would require.

My personal opinions of the nuclear industry as a whole, which have developed with far better information than Ms. Spake's, is that it is the singularly most dangerous and potentially devastating undertaking in the history of man.

I would like to see **Osceola** do its own story on our nuclear activities, with the usual depth of reporting and objectivity which has made your newspaper so unusually excellent. There are many questions you might address, but the most important would be:

1. Where will the incredible inventory of waste be stored for all time? No one has a satisfactory answer for this, because there is none...the fact is that South Carolina stands the best chance of having the awesome responsibility, because there isn't another political subdivision in the world willing to accept it.

2. Are "tolerable levels" as established by the federal government really tolerable? They aren't to me, any more so than the pesticide levels I must tolerate in my food, or the price I must pay for gasoline and electricity. Tolerable does not mean personally acceptable; it only means our government has decided for us how much risk we can stand without getting too upset as a nation of people woefully ignorant, and unwilling to learn facts after cutting through incredible technical jargon...most of which is garbage.

3. Is the "maximum accident" which will cause the evacuation of the eastern seaboard really impossible? The industry has a history of accidents which can be documented by anyone wishing to do so. Disclaimers that no danger to the public has ever resulted are not reassuring; a law of averages applies to everything that exists. The only difference is that we can accept the possibility of accident in almost anything **except** one of such magnitude, and even the worst industry apologists will not say without qualification that the accident **cannot** happen.

4. Liability. Read your insurance policy someday. You are not covered for a nuclear accident. And the limits of government and industry liability for nuclear accident are so low in relation to the possible risk as to be laughable.

5. Sabotage and highjacking. Is it really possible? Is it possible to have a crook for a president? Of course not, until it happens.

In conclusion, I'm a bit disappointed in you for reprinting Ms. Spake's article, when you could have done such a better job. But don't cancel my subscription...my God, you're the only thing on newsprint in South Carolina worth reading!

Tom Mason
Route 1, Box 91
Little Mountain, S.C.

Ecologist responds

To the editors:

I was shocked to see the article on "S.C.'s Silent Death Factory" reprinted verbatim in **Osceola**, because the article says my organization had a PR man for the nuclear industry placed on our Board, and was provided office space by a nuclear PR firm.

The firm mentioned in the article never gave us any office space and its existence did not coincide with ours -- it went out of business several months before we organized. A predecessor group (the Columbia Environmental Coalition) subleased, and paid a very good price for, an office in the same building as the PR firm, and was involved mainly with local environmental education and paper recycling. By contrast, S.C.E.C. is a statewide group and environmental lobby with totally different goals and priorities. The PR man referred to in the article as being on our Board never has been, and was never part of the Columbia Environmental Coalition's organization either. The implication of the "Death Factory" article that we "never took on the Barnwell plant" because of financial ties with the public relations

(continued on page nine)

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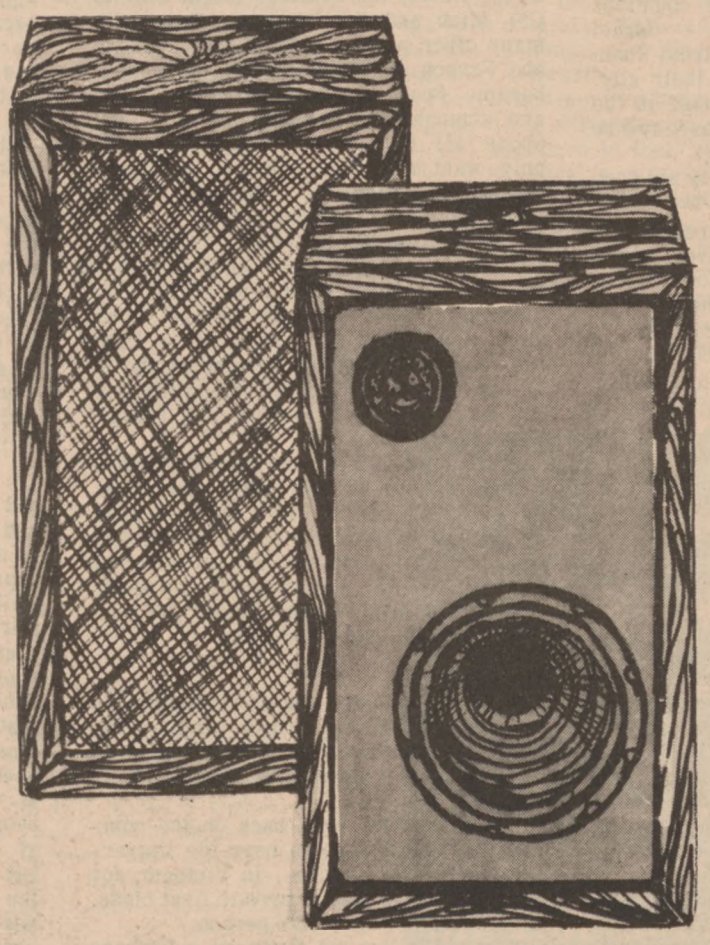

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Vietnam now

(Continued from page 1)

"If I had it to do over again, now at 27 I wouldn't go. But if I were 20 again, just a kid, I probably would."

*****

After 30 years of service and three wars, a retired colonel sits at home in Columbia in failing health and agonizes over Vietnam. He is a career soldier, an officer who has served his country long and well, an honest and forthright man who believes in duty, honor, country. He served in Vietnam for all of 1968 at the U.S. Army headquarters at Binh Long. As the situation worsens daily in South Vietnam, with the endless swarms of refugees streaming across his television screen on the evening news, he is fighting an internal war to come to terms with the situation.

"I'm terribly saddened. I knew every one of those places, I knew the people. I really feel sick about it. It seems everything we tried there was completely in vain.

"I volunteered. I felt it was my duty to go, the response a soldier should make to a call for assistance. It was a bad time for me to go, to be away from my family when my children were teenagers, just growing up. If I had known then what I know now, how it all turned out, I never would have volunteered, I would have retired.

"When I was in the Army, I felt very strongly we should be there. They asked us to be there, they were a nation that was being looked at with great scrutiny by the Communists. I have always been a strong supporter of military action to suppress Communism, wherever it is, in whatever form it is found.

"Korea was great, Lebanon, the Berlin airlift, Greece in 1947. By great I mean that we stopped Communism cold.

"The U.S. Army did a magnificent job with the mission it was given. But it was never given the proper mission. We weren't told to defeat the enemy, we were told to 'win the hearts and minds of the people.' We didn't realize that really we were getting involved in a strictly political war with limited military objectives. Some of our vast programs turned out to be half-assed.

"A political war is something the United States didn't properly understand. It was certainly no mission for the Army to try and win it militarily, when there wasn't an enemy you could see. Search and destroy? What the hell was there to search for? The enemy might be a woman with a baby and a grenade in a hat...

"We never understood the difference between World War II, Korea and Vietnam. We tried to shove democracy down the throats of these people. I don't know that we should have done that.

"We were morally obligated by our treaty obligations. The people there are afraid not to do what the Communists tell them. Communism is a bad thing, it's directly opposite to what we believe in -- freedom. I guess that's what we believe in; you can't tell these days.

"We got our nose bloodied, unnecessarily, probably. We got no peace with honor. We were defeated at the conference table.

"You can't negotiate with Communists and win. I don't care what all this talk about detente is, let's go visit the Great Wall of China and all that, you can't negotiate with Communists and win. When we got out of there it (the overthrow) was inevitable...

"We had the know-how, the equipment to win the war. With Johnson in '68, just before the election, it was the wrong time to call off the bombing. Had they given us the green light then, I believe we would have won the war. We had air superiority all through the war. With carpet bombing, they've got to be fearful of death from the sky.

"What will the rest of the countries think of us? They'll think -- Israel might say -- 'how can we trust them now, they gave up supporting their ally.' What does this do to our image in the world? Our moral obligations -- we're going back on them.

"It's too late for more military aid now. They've abandoned more than two billion dollars worth of equipment already. It's obvious our investment of lives was a waste, our investment of billions of dollars was a waste. All I can hope now is that we provide humanitarian aid...In reality, in Vietnam, we have lost. There's no sense in pursuing a lost cause. We have to be realists. This time we got hornswattled. This time we didn't win. It's fini la guerre, as far as I'm concerned."

*****

For three Vietnamese engineering students at the University of South Carolina, the war has not yet ended. It is the central fact of their lives at the moment, the context in which they must examine their own futures and the lives of their families back in South Vietnam. As naval officers for the Thieu government, their personal stakes in the outcome of the war are immense. They all asked that their names not be used, for as they told **Osceola**, "our government does not like us to talk about politics."

In recent weeks some of the South Vietnamese press has been saying that Americans are "chay lang" -- a gambling term used to refer to those persons who run away from a game after losing and without paying their dues to the other gamblers. For three Vietnamese here in Columbia, the way the United States had played seems a lot like cheating.

One student said, "In elementary school, when our children are six or seven years of age, our teachers have them repeat, over and over, 'Americans are friendly, Americans are eager to help.' But now, what do the children think? We feel betrayed by the Americans."

"Our two countries, we are no longer friends," said a second student. "It is more than that now, we are brothers. No one loves anything above his family. No one should do anything against his family."

They share a general feeling that it was wrong for the United States to have sent large numbers of troops into South Vietnam in 1965. At that time, one said, "the two sides were just about equal, there was a chance to sit down at the conference table, reach hands across to the other side and talk together. But the United States escalated the war; now it is no longer simply a war between Vietnamese people. Now it is an international war between the Free World and Communism."

All three of the students agreed that the United States, having once given such massive aid, having "changed the nature of the war, should have stayed until the end." When would that end have been? "The United States gave up too easily. The Communists have one thing the Americans don't have -- patience. They will fight for 100 years, for as long as it takes to win."

There is a deep distrust of the Communist North Vietnamese evident in their conversation. They fear a great many lives will be lost if Saigon falls; they are not sure what policy the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong will follow, but the Tet offensive of 1968 was mentioned as an example of what they expect. All those who worked closely with the United States -- "all the rich, the educated, the village chiefs, too" -- are felt to be in danger.

As to their own lives, there is at this point only uncertainty. One student said, "If there was a 90 percent chance of being shot when I returned, I would not go back. But I want to see my wife before I die. If there was a 50-50 chance I would go home."

Above all, they want to see their country unified. Throughout our conversation, they repeatedly emphasized the essential unity of their country, the fact that the North and South Vietnamese are one people, with the same dialect and a long common history. Two of the students were born in the North; their fathers fought with Ho Chi Minh and the Vietminh along with many other people, against the Japanese and French, but later emigrated to what became South Vietnam in 1954. They are staunchly anti-Communist now, but above all they are Vietnamese. "We only want a unified country, a strong, independent Vietnam. We are a rich land. We can be self-supporting."

They are a proud people, and their resentment toward what they consider shabby American treatment is hard to disguise. They feel the United States gave them inferior equipment to fight the war -- old ships almost ready to be junked, few spare parts and insufficient 105 mm. howitzers instead of 130 mm., like the other side has.

As we were talking, one student dropped a recent copy of **The State** newspaper on the table beside me. A front page photograph showed an American official punching a Vietnamese man as he tried to force his way aboard a refugee flight from Nha Trang. "Look at that," he said bitterly. Then he turned away.

*****

"If I had to go back to Vietnam, I'd gladly be a heroin addict again. The addiction of heroin is nothing compared to the mental anquish of being in Vietnam."

He's a student now, back on the comfortable, shady streets near the University of South Carolina. In Vietnam, for all of 1970, he was a private first class, an MP, and a "very sick person."

"I was the law out there, at a firebase outside of Da Lat. All the drugs and prostitution went through me. I got my cut for not doing anything."

"Almost everybody there was into something illegal. They had to be. There was nothing to do but listen to the shells come in. Drugs and sex dulled the edge; they used up a lot of hostility and violence.

"On the convoys we all stayed really high. Crammed into two years of my life was all the hell you could find in nine or ten years in prison.

"I always expected the South Vietnamese government to fall. Why? Because we always lost. How so many well-equipped soldiers could continually lose just boggles me. For me, it was like a reenactment of the British and the Americans in our war. It's a colonial conflict. The peasants supported the other side. They worked for us by day but they were Communists by night.

"The Vietnamese didn't like us. They felt we held them back from winning the war, not giving them full reign. They felt they could win the war on their own. But they were terrible soldiers. They had an incredible desertion rate...

"In basic training we were told that the Vietnamese loved us, that we were fighting for right, God and the American way...but I hated them. I feel I gave two years of my life to fight the Commies for those creeps."

*****

Admiral Thomas Moorer was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1970 to 1974. As such, he was the Pentagon's top man during Vietnam. Reached in Charleston the other day, he spoke to **Osceola** over the phone from a Citadel cocktail party.

"It's very sad and tragic to see the South Vietnamese, who have been aggressed upon for so long, now being forced out of their homes and killed, and at the very best sent to refugee camps. Those of us who've been involved with it for so long view this with great sadness.

"It's not so much what happened in the spring of 1975 but what happened in the spring of 1965 that's important. It was a poorly conceived policy supported by the wrong strategy."

Moorer felt that our mistakes were these: that we went into the war stating that we would not overthrow the government of Ho Chi Minh, "which of course is the main purpose of warfare, to overthrow the opposing government;" that we did not declare war, or invade North Vietnam. Nor did we call up the Reserves -- an action, Moorer felt, that would have conveyed to the American people that we had "more than a routine problem" and would have rallied public support. Instead the public, which was told it could have "guns AND butter," became disenchanted. Their attitude toward the war shifted from "get in there and win, to win or get out, and finally, in the last three or four years, to simply get out."

When asked what he felt the United States had learned from its experience in Vietnam, Moorer declared, "I would hope that never again would we commit the young men of our country to battle without declaring war. North Vietnam, a country the size of two American counties -- Orange and Los Angeles counties in California -- has in effect been able to generate inflation in the United States, caused divisiveness throughout our country and degraded our image in the third world."

*****

So the war drags on, in South Carolina and Vietnam. Saigon readies itself for a state of seige. U.S. Marines stand guard off the coast of South Vietnam, while Congress debates additional military aid to Indochina. Vietnamese continue to kill Vietnamese with foreign-made weapons on the evening news in South Carolina, while the legacy of frustration here at home gnaws at all of those whose lives have been touched by Vietnam. The memories of Americans at war die hard. "It was like throwing people to a meatgrinder," one sergeant at Fort Jackson said. "The fat cats got rich, and some of us died or got the scars," said another. "I hate to see what's happening over there now, because I have a personal interest in the place, as a piece of my ass and a lot of my time."

For the United States, the shooting war may or may not be over, but the internal and political struggles, the doubts and recriminations, have just begun. In South Carolina and all across the country, another battle is just beginning, with words as weapons and the hearts and minds of the American people as the prize. It's a war that will be going on for a long time.

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Denying the obvious

We guess that the rising crime rate will be an issue in the next presidential election and that after the voting is over whoever wins will appoint another crime commission. Then after a year or 18 months the new crime commission will bring in a solemn and eloquent report that will shortly thereafter be forgotten. It will be forgotten because it won't tell us what we want to hear. What we want to hear is that the disgraceful American crime rate, which jumped 17 percent in 1974 (highest since the FBI started collecting statistics 45 years ago) is caused by coddling criminals, parental permissiveness, the uppityness of nonwhites and abolishing the death penalty.

No, what the prospective crime commission will tell us, as a long line of previous (and now forgotten) studies have told us is 1) that crime is connected with other social problems and particularly poverty; 2) that crime is principally deterred by the celerity of justice, not the severity of justice; 3) that America's unique, widespread distribution of firearms and particularly handguns is just fine for robbery and murders, and keeps the United States up there at the top of the crime league among all the big nations, and 4) that, if we really want to reduce crime it will cost a pretty penny in social reform and police improvement, and that probably no single investment of money, however big, will so improve the quality of American life as meeting the cost.

Richard Nixon made a fine thing out of crime. Every now and then there is an intense spasm of social fury, as Felix Frankfurter said, and on the issue of law and order Nixon helped create that spasm and then benefited by it. In 1968 he said the Supreme Court and Attorney General Ramsey Clark were soft on crime, which flowed from "a generation-long experiment of leniency with criminals." (The Warren Court had ruled that it was unfair to beat up suspects in police stations and deprive them of lawyers.) "We cannot explain away crime in this country," he said, "charging it off to poverty." That was fine for the hustings because the more complex a problem is the more the listeners want a simple answer.

After the '68 election Nixon had the awkward task of showing that he had reduced crime when he ran again in 1972, and later on. "The 17-year rise in crime has been stopped," he told the nation incorrectly in January 1974. "We can confidently say today that we are finally beginning to win the war against crime." What nonsense; what audacity the man had. It would be impossible to interview the Nixon crime-fighters on this today; they are all in jail. He himself told the nation in 1973 that the only way to attack crime is "without mercy." He got pardoned.

There was the Wickersham crime commission in 1931; Katzenbach, 1967; Kerner, 1968; Milton Eisenhower, 1969, and half a dozen in between. They all said the same thing more or less. I would like the contract for the 1976-77 crime commission: I could compile it with scissors and paste. The Kerner commission ruefully noted the testimony of distinguished sociologist Kenneth Clark saying that he had heard the whole scenario on crime before: "It is a kind of Alice in Wonderland with the same moving picture re-shown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendations, the same inaction."

The Eisenhower commission picked up the Clark quote from the Kerner commission. Then, in 1972, came another report from a nonpartisan business group, the Committee for Economic Development. It listed its predecessors and also noted their unheeded message: "Their recommendations over a period of 40 years display a remarkable degree of consistency and similarity...A suitable agenda for action has thus been available for 40 years." Crime costs the business community $16 billion a year, it said. That was in 1972.

They should tell that to George Wallace. The last time we saw that bitter-tongued man of the people he was rubbing his hands over the crime issue and vowing that if he had his way he would make Washington's streets safe or bring in the troops. (Sitting there in a wheelchair it did not seem fair to ask him if he still opposed gun control.)

Is it astonishing that serious crime has jumped 17 percent in the U.S. when unemployment has soared? They go up together. Unemployment is now 40 percent for black teenagers in the ghettoes. We shall be lucky to escape turmoil this summer. The black community suffers from crime most, and perhaps half of it goes unreported, some investigators say.

The law-breaker is "likely to be a member of the lowest social and economic groups in the country, poorly educated and perhaps unemployed, unmarried, reared in a broken home, and to have a prior criminal record" (President's Commission on Law Enforcement).

Most of these commissions end with a burst of rhetoric, and one must always remember that simply because they are eloquent does not necessarily mean they are untrue. Hear, for example, what the Katzenbach report said: "Warring on poverty, inadequate housing and unemployment is warring on crime. A civil rights law is a law against crime. Money for schools is money against crime. More broadly and most importantly every effort to improve life in America's 'inner cities' is an effort against crime."

What a change in American life because of crime. Fifty years ago many people didn't lock doors at night. Judged by other countries the decay in American security is unique. It is possible to walk the streets of European cities safely at night. Americans are diverse in origin but that is hardly an adequate explanation for the crime rate. We are coming to live in bolted fortresses. Contrast Tokyo: it has the largest population of any city in the world and the lowest crime rate. There were 213 murders in 1970 (three with pistols). New York (a third smaller in population) had 1117 murders, two-thirds with guns.

The Eisenhower report five years ago found 90 million firearms in civilian hands, including 24 million handguns. If the women's movement would now recognize revolvers as a chauvinist male sex symbol and would move into the fight to control them it would be on strong ground, and would help to cut down the homicide rate.

JACK ANDERSON
AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON - All at once, events are overtaking the United States. From the Middle East to Southeast Asia, U.S. foreign policy seems to be collapsing.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's peace efforts in the Middle East have broken down. South Vietman and Cambodia, two of our most favorite allies, Thailand and the Philippines are threatening to kick us out of our bases.

In Europe, the Communists are tightening their grip on Portugal, formerly a staunch ally. Spain is in danger of a Communist coup. Both Greece and Turkey are threatening to close vital bases.

In South America, the governments are scrambling to get on better terms with Fidel Castro. Only the hated military dictatorships continue to embrace the United States.

These events have already led President Ford to order a quiet reappraisal of American foreign policy. He has asked Kissinger to re-evaluate America's international role, to consider whether U.S. power is stretched too thin and to determine how the United States can better exert influences on world events in the 1970s.

Meanwhile, the President and Secretary of State are making a mighty effort to blame Congress for America's foreign policy failures.

The charges simply are not true. The White House is casting about for a scapegoat, and the lumbering, contentious assembly on Capitol Hill makes a convenient one.

Take a look at the record:

-Greece has pulled its troops out of NATO and is today a hotbed of anti-Americanism. Why? Because for seven years, the Executive Branch cuddled up to the colonels in Athens and became identified with them. Washington remained mute while the military dictatorship inspired a coup on Cyprus, and stood by again when the Turks invaded the island.

-In Portugal, a military coup by conservative officers threw Kissinger into a panic. Our ambassador in Lisbon reported back that Portugal was far from lost. He recommended that Washington support the new regime. But some prominent, retired Americans living in Portugal told Kissinger privately that Lisbon was surely going Communist. And that, apparently, was what the secretary preferred to hear. To this day, U.S. support for the new leaders has been minimal. While America dawdles, Portugal is tilting more and more leftward.

-The Latin American nations are rapidly tiring of Washington's "Big Daddy" approach to their affairs. They are showing a new spirit of independence. They need U.S. support and understanding. But the United States continues to prop up the bad guys -- Nicaragua's Somoza and Chile's Pinochet, for example. The U.S. image in Latin America, meanwhile, continues to deteriorate.

None of these problems are the fault of Congress. Indeed, all of them can be laid squarely on the White House doorstep.

Foreign Flavor: The Bicentennial celebration, ironically, is taking on a distinctly foreign flavor.

The French, for example, are planning a "sound and light" spectacle at George Washington's Mount Vernon home. And the Paris Opera will make a special tour of the United States.

The Italian government will be sending over the renowned La Scala Opera Company from Milan. Italy, Norway, and Holland will also participate in "Operation Sail," a plan which calls for 25 to 30 large sailing ships to visit East Coast ports.

Japan is donating $5 million worth of dwarf bonsai trees to the National Arboretum in Washington, and Russia's Bolshoi Opera and Ballet companies will tour America later this year.

Overseas, also, the Becentennial is receiving a lot of attention. A special American history exhibit will be presented in Warsaw. The German news magazine Der Spiegel is planning a 15-part series about our 200th birthday.

And finally, millions of American television viewers are being treated to brief glimpses of U.S. history. The shows are sponsored by the Dutch-owned Shell Oil Company.

Four More Years? The political pros are wondering whether President Ford is serious about seeking re-election. So far, he hasn't lifted a finger to form a campaign organization or to raise campaign funds.

This is strange behavior for a President who hopes to stay in the White House. His predecessors were scarcely settled in the White House before they began making preparations for the re-election campaign.

The Plastic Arts Society *presents*

GRANTS; HOW TO GET THEM

or while you're up get me me a grant!

featuring representatives from the South Carolina Arts Commission and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Thursday April 24, 1975 8PM

Room 203 Department of Art Sloan College

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reception follows

Cheap Shots

Scragglies shape up

We know it's no small irony when we here at **Osceola** guffaw a bit too loudly at the manifold misfortunes of our scraggly media-brothers at WOLO-TV Channel 25. To be perfectly honest, we couldn't expect WOLO to swap even six of their ever-terminal transmitters for our once-incorrigible typesetting machine. We know that them plus us equals two horseflies apparently created to circle forever the respective butts of two Intermidable Local-Media Bulls. Often caught in the rack between **The Rolling Stone** and **The National Enquirer** we subsist in the shadow of the State-Record Establishment and of course WOLO -- from the day of its charter -- has played a paraplegic David to that healthy Giant WIS.

So we naturally took jealous note these past weeks when the boys at WOLO -- after three months of adverse publicity in the form of letters-to-the-editor, a **Columbia Record** green sheet spread, and some jocular cuts in passing supplementary to our story on once-chief (?) announcer Mackie Quave -- made a concentrated effort to clean up their act.

"Magnificent Mackie" Quave

First of all, we noticed along in mid-January that WOLO had put a moratorium on all attempts at running news film on the late and evening news. They flashed stills instead (then crossed their fingers for the sound tracks). Having written the Quave piece in **Osceola**, I like to think that this news-film moratorium ensued from my comment that "Betting on whether a piece of WOLO news film will run without a hitch is good, dear family fun." I also like to think that my comparison of sportscaster Jerry Emanual to Ted Baxter on the Mary Tyler Moore Show was what made Jerry shape up, start reporting, and forget about oral interpretation.

Understanding my secret ambition to be the critic's equivalent of an investigative reporter, I think I credit myself unduly and assume that even these small changes -- despite the untimely bad publicity -- were the result of thoughtful management, planning and subtle suggestion (although I do admit that I haven't seen any shots of the WOLO news desks since describing them as "two carefully constructed Kool-Aid stands."

But the big change over at Channel 25 is that celebrated word-merchant Mackie Quave has been moved from chief anannouncer on the evening news to the less constricting (for humorous improvisation) role of weatherman. Dave Aiken former weatherman and WOLO program director) is the new chief announcer in the evening slot. Mackie retains his old slot on the late news and is still the host of the interview show "Inquiry."

All in all, in terms of a more commercially polished product, I think this big switch at WOLO, along with the attendant changes, is all for the better. Dave Aiken reads the news well, though at times with such gusto as to seem almost sensationalistic I thought Dave's recent reading of the bulletin on the CCI escapees a bit too urgent. Mackie, well made up and more inpeccably dressed than in the old days, is a welcome change in the weather news. But I still await his mastery of the form. Many of his performances as weatherman have, to date, been a bit self-conscious. I suggest -- in all seriousness -- that Mackie leave some of his joke surplus on the cutting room floor and as a comedic strategy pretend to focus directly on the weather report. It's tough that Quave has to share some of the half-hour with commentator Paul Harvey to whom he has a strong temperamental resemblance. We wonder if the management would give Mackie full creative lead to do Lewis Caroll abstracts of Paul's mini-sermons and sprinkle the weather in between.

We wish WOLO the best and hope that, like Avis, they'll try even harder. Students of contemporary art will understand what we mean when we say that WOLO represents the avant-garde in telephoto journalism -- broadcasting from found objects.

Dan Lackey

No, this isn't a youthful Groucho Marx but **Frank Mouris**, highly acclaimed independent filmmaker who won an Academy Award last year for his animated short, "Frank Film," and who will be appearing at the Columbia Museum of Art Saturday, April 12. Mouris will show "Frank Film" as well as discuss his filmmaking techniques, and included on the program will be scenes from such works-in-progress as a reworking of a live action film in which the animation cells have been produced by Xerox machine.

Needless to say, Mr. Mouris believes in innovation, and "Frank Film" has won nearly thirty awards for its inventive combination of cut-and-paste montage and stop motion animation. The scheme for the movie is really very simple: Mouris gives a conversational rundown of his life and aspirations (Catholic middle class beginnings in 1944 -- "I guess it was a good time to be alive") on the soundtrack, and moves among such topics as food, animals, teenage sexaul fantasies, and most especially things. "I enjoyed having things around -- I liked looking at them and I still do, so I save them a lot." Mouris obviously saved quite a lot of things for the images accompanying the soundtrack stream out his consciousness with over ten thousand clippings (in a nine minute film!) that he collected from magazines over a period of years. With a background as a graphics designer, Mouris' images are always skillful, sometimes witty -- an ice cream cone that keeps changing its scoops of fantasy confections -- and throughout a poignant cultural summation of a single life over a thirty year period.

The showing is open to the public without charge, so go on over to the museum Saturday at 8 p.m. for an unusual experience.

Venson Steadman

Rape education

"This community is really funny. It screams for rape reform and education programs. When it starts to get these things, it waits to see credibility established and publicity behind the programs to see if they are worth supporting."

Lucy Williamson, one of the coordinators of the YWCA rape education program, pointed out this attitude and the lack of response so far to the newly established rape education classess available through the Y.

"It also seems that people are not questioning themselves or others anymore," said Connie Boyd, the other coordinator of the program. "The various hotlines around Columbia are not getting as many calls, especially rape related problems. Victims are remaining silent."

"I think this is a result of the vast amount of publicity rape received for several months in the Columbia media," she continued. "now the subject has died down."

Because of this apathy and the need for more rape education in Columbia, the YWCA began organizing its program in September, 1974. Lucy and Connie began established a speakers bureau and various programs to fit the needs of any organization.

With two weeks notice, any organization can get a speaker, a film, a panel or a play from the Y, depending upon the size of the audience. The speakers come from such areas as law enforcement, psychological services and legal aid.

The education program presents what to do if raped and all the options to raise consciousness. The basic idea is psychological awareness as a defense, and the program stressess precaution as the best means of prevention.

"It is good to present as many alternatives as possible," Williamson said. "I wouldn't react to a situation or deal with it the same way Connie would."

Different views on rape will be presented April 16 at 7:30 p.m. at the YWCA, with the play "A Woman is Raped...," written and directed by Rai Baille of Columbia College. The play is not recommended for anyone under the age of 15.

The play will be followed by a panel discussion, including Vickie Eslinger from the Legal Aid Agency; Carl Chase, of the Criminal Justice Academy; Philip Morris, of the S.C. Safety Council; and Faith Nolan, from the Richland County Sheriff's Department.

Merry Bateman

Politicus: more shenanigans by Dennis

Continued from page two

Dennis is certainly banking on the idea that other firms won't get the red carpet treatment that his pet companies do -- they won't -- and so the state won't be hurt much by his particular shenanigan. Which is, of course, patently unfair and an abuse of Dennis's power as a senior legislator.

Moreover, the state couldn't raise the $65 million limit on the capital improvement bonds it can issue annually without taking a serious risk of losing its superb credit rating (and the accompanying access to low-interest loans and bonds). It's not up to the South Carolina General Assembly to determine credit ratings, unfortunately, or Dennis could wave his magic wand and have the bond limit upped. Credit ratings are determined by market factors up on Wall Street and anywhere else the big money is. It is a natural law of economics that if you have too many debts outstanding, your credit rating goes down the drain because no one will want to loan you money.

So Senator John Drummond of Greenwood is certainly not exaggerating when he says approval of the railroad bond would "open up a Pandora's box" of financial problems.

At the latest juncture in the bond bill action, Dennis's amendment had been approved by a paper-thin margin for the third time. Only a tie-breaking vote by Lieutenant Governor W. Brantley Harvey, Jr., was able to quash the first tabling motion, 16-15, and the second attempt to kill the amendment failed by only 22-19. Last Wednesday, the weakened but potent third version of the amendment survived by a 17-16 margin.

It appears that the railroad amendment will squeak by in the Senate. When the amended bond bill goes back to the House for consideration, it is equally probable that the railroad will be scuttled there. So the buck will be passed to a joint conference committee composed of three senators, appointed by Harvey, and three representatives, appointed by House speaker Rex Carter.

Unfortunately, some opponents of the railroad funding feel the joint committee will either approve the railroad bond if it's left in the bond bill, or will put it back in there if it is stricken by the House. Thus the appointments to the inevitable joint committee will be crucial.

Dooley is one senator who feels the passage of the railroad bond is only a matter of time. "On the conference committee," he predicted on the Senate floor Wednesday, "will be people I can name and you can name."

Which senators Harvey will appoint will be especially interesting. The lieutenant governor, who was elected on an avowed reform platform, made a decided about-face earlier when he cast the tie-breaking vote against the first motion to table the Dennis amendment. Harvey is apparently trying to walk a tightrope between the liberals and the conservatives in the Senate in hopes of keeping as much support as possible in future elective races -- possibly for governor in 1978. Stacking the committee in Dennis's favor would hurt Harvey's credibility with liberals and moderates greatly.

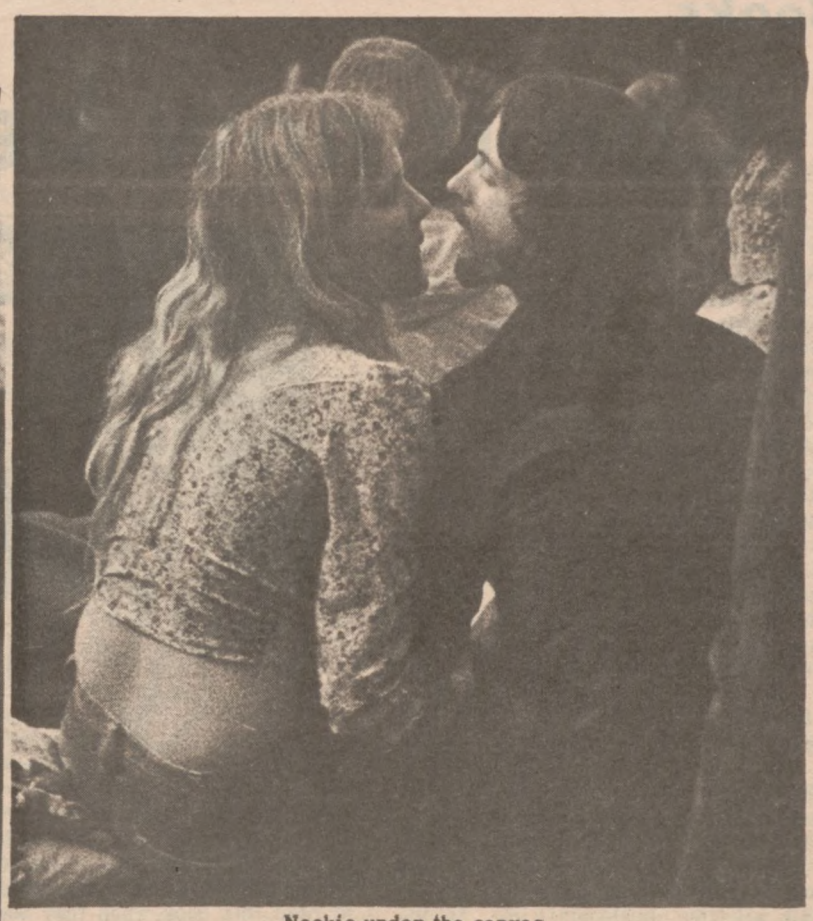
When all the smoke clears, Dooley lamented Wednesday, the conference committee will put the railroad amendment back in the bill "complete with the whistle and a bell." And Dennis's "Pandora's box" will be wide open.

Music

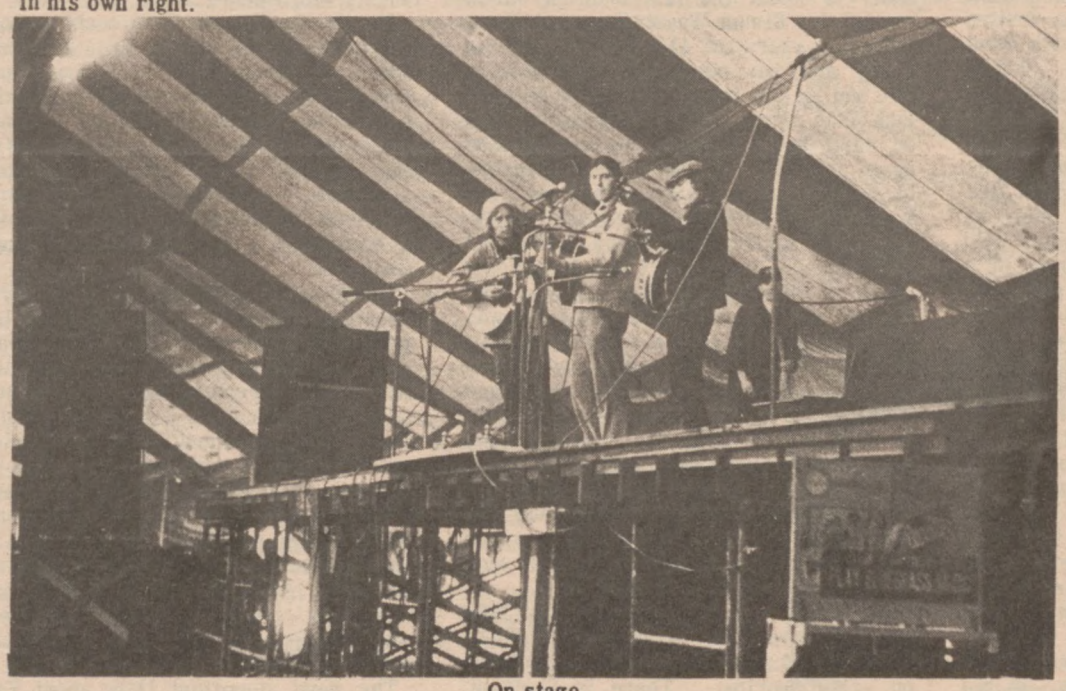
Fiddlin' in the mud

Ernest East and his Pine Ridge Boys, winners in the old-time band category. One of the best fiddlers in the country in his own right.

Photos by Michael Bane



Nookie under the canvas



On stage

A fiddler warms up

by Michael Bane

UNION GROVE, N.C. -- "Naw," J. Pierce Van Hoy was saying. "I don't see any problem with the crowd here. We got the room."

He throws a cursory wave at his 100,000 paid guest, by now all soaking wet and covered with the ubiquitous North Carolina mud.

"You write this in your notebook," he says as the steady afternoon rain cascades across his ample belly into the sticky red mud below. "Banjo music was born and bred in hard times. People here ain't askin' for this rain to stop -- they're just prayin' for the power to endure it."

And on that note J. Pierce Van Hoy, part-time farmer and full-time bluegrass entrepreneur retires to the Big House to administer what just might be the largest display of bluegrass music in the country -- the 51st Annual Old-Time Fiddlers' Convention; the place to be on Easter weekend.

It's pretty much a standard cliche to refer to Union Grove as "the tiny community of." It also happens to be the gospel truth. For 361 days a year Union Grove occupies its humble place in the cosmos, a miniscule farming community 60 miles north of Charlotte.

Those other four days are the exclusive property of J. Pierce Van Hoy, and a few hundred thousand friends.

"Nope, we don't spend a single penny on advertisin'," J. Pierce Van Hoy has said. "People just come."

And come they do, more and more each year since Van Hoy started ramroding the convention six years ago. The format remains pretty much the same -- contestants show up to compete in three categories -- fiddle, old-time band and bluegrass band. They have to pass an audition before they're allowed on stage -- that's to make sure no rock and roll slips in -- and then face a series of eliminations. The whole battle of the bows, so to speak, culminates on the Saturday night before Easter Sunday, when the judges crown the World Champion Fiddler and other minor luminaries.

All of which worked like a charm for 100 people, for 1,000 people, even for 10,000 people. For 100,000 people and 200 contestants, things got a bit thick.

Of course it wasn't J. Pierce Van Hoy's fault that half the universities on the East Coast were on spring break, giving a lot of people no place to go and about a week to get there. Nor was it J. Pierce Van Hoy's fault that quite a number of those people cherished dreams of some later-day Woodstock Nation, one of those reverently told tales from older brothers and sisters. And it certainly wasn't J. Pierce Van Hoy's fault that providence chose that particular day to water that particular cow pasture.

"It costs me $100,000 to stage this convention," Van Hoy says. "I make a little money off it. Enough to get by."

Single day tickets for the four-day event costs $5 per person. Tickets for the whole weekend, including camping in the soggy cow pastures, cost $12.

And amazingly enough, the music went on. From underneath the one-acre circus big top erected specially for the occasion; from inside $10,000 campers; from beneath improvised shelters of canvas and plastic; from anyplace away from the icy drizzle, that good ole music flowed into the drizzly, smokey air, mixing with the steam from hundreds of campfires and the particularly fragrant oder of marijuana to keep the crowd from lapsing into pneumonia.

The air, the rain and the Union Grove liquor store conspired to keep the music loose and the crowd even looser as everyone wallowed through the weekend.

In the early morning hours of Easter Sunday, the judges chose Buddy Pendleton as the World Champion Fiddler and recipient of the $1,000 first place prize for the third year in a row. The 39-year-old Virginia mailman copped the top honors with his rendition of "Kay Hill." A couple of cynics pointed out that the judges would have given a prize to anyone who didn't play "The Orange Blossom Special."

Mt. Airy, N.C., fiddler Ernest East and the Pine Ridge Boys were named top old-time band, with the Bluegrass Masters of Yadkinville, N.C., taking the honors in the bluegrass category.

By Sunday afternoon, with the bacchanalia drawing to a close, the immensely hung-over crowd returned to more mundane matters, like trying to figure out how to get the car out of the ankle-deep, omnipresent mud, and little Union Grove prepared to return to its proper place in the scheme of things.

"And let me tell you something else," says J. Pierce Van Hoy. "The tighter the dollar gets, the better the banjo sounds. Are you getting this down?

"A little music and a lot of prayer," he says, "Combine the two and you're one step short of heaven. And you ain't gonna make that last step in this lifetime."

I suppose. And a good time was had by all.

■

Books

Can it now be told?

By GARY E. LIGI

In the two years since he obtained his freedom, Kilgore Trout has led a reclusive life, emerging from the warmth of obscurity only briefly to interview his creator in a journal of the popular arts ("Meeting My Maker: A Visit With kurt Vonnegut, Jr.," **Crawdaddy**, April 1974). He has repeatedly failed to respond to even the most desperate of entreaties, which failure has resulted in at least two inevitable deaths (see **The Pangalactic Phenomenological Quarterly**, vol. X, no. 3 -- "Is Trout Fishing In Bulgaria?") and attempts to reach him at the **Ilium Gazzette** circulation office, the Hyannis stamp redemption centers, and the volunteer fire department in Cohoes, N.Y. have all proved futile. In fact, Mr. Trout has succeeded in keeping his profile so low that, as one youth put it, he could hide in the shadow of an ant. Even the most astute of critics have of late been inclined to pay more than lip service to suppositions than rather than merely a myth-maker, Mr. Trout may well be a myth. But now, at a time when belief in his very existence has sunken to an all-time millennial low, in the midst of a cosmic economic recession which bodes political reshuffling from here to Betelguese, this author of one hundred seventeen novels and two thousand short stories has chosen yet again to reestablish his preeminence among modern philosophers and humanoids of note with an updated version of his classic saga of initiation, **Venus on the Half Shell** (Dell Publishing Co., 95 cents).

In typical Troutian fashion, **Venus on the Half Shell** treats the reader to the travels and travails of Simon Wagstaff, the weary Space Wanderer, as he journeys through the cosmos in search of the answer to the primal question: "**Why are we created only to suffer and die?**" Kierkegaard, Camus, Sartre, Kafka, Dostoevsky, and Heine. Those are the names of people who devoted their lives to not being able to find an answer -- to name but a few. Simon Wagstaff's name can be added to the list. A lot of our names can be added to the list.

Trout has this time chosen for his framework a very old book by a writer named Jonathan Swift. As a matter of fact, one of the characters (deceased) in **Venus on the Half Shell** is named Jonathan Swift Somers III. Jonathan Swift Somers III gets into the novel even though he is dead because he is one of Simon Wagstaff's favorite writers. This is a device one prominent American writer has made so popular that respectable critics at respectable universities have started calling it a **literary** device. And it may well be. What it does is this: it lets an author state a philosophy by summarizing a novel nobody else will ever read. The reason nobody else will ever read it is this: nobody ever wrote it. Many times nobody reads a novel even though somebody did write it. Why is this so? Why not?

Sometimes people get books because they belong to a book club. Or because they are having a birthday. Or because the cover of the book goes well with the living room's decor. These are earth people I'm talking about now. Simon Wagstaff has seen all kinds.

Illustration by Lynn Cansler

The book by Jonathan Swift that Kilgore Trout has used as a model for **Venus on the Half Shell** is called **Gulliver's Travels.** Many American children used to read this book when they were growing up. It is about a man named Lemuel Gulliver and his travels into several remote nations of the world. It was written in four parts. When children used to read this book while growing up, they would only read one, two, or three parts -- but never all four. The fourth part is about Houyhnhnms and Yahoos. Many people think it is nasty. There is a lot of talk in it about shit.

When **Gulliver's Travels** was written many people didn't know very much about the world beyond their houses. There were plagues and war and hunger and poverty back then too, but this was before television. People couldn't go home and forget about their problems by watching someone else's. Many children died back then from something as easy as cutting their teeth. When animals died unexpectedly, or a drought came, or a barn caught fire, or a baby got sick, the people would look for the ugliest people around. They would hang these ugly people from trees by their necks or burn them in the village square or tie them up tightly and throw them into a river to see if they floated. These ugly people were witches. They caused bad things to happen. Of course, not all ugly people were witches. If they were, it would be easier to keep the world in order. But, unfortunately, every now and then there is an ugly person who isn't a witch. And though it is said "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," it also is a bad idea to kill an innocent person. That is why people were tied up and thrown into rivers. If they floated they were innocent. Or guilty. There was much disagreement over interpretation of the results.

So these were the people alive when Jonathan Swift wrote **Gulliver's Travels.** They are not much different from people alive today. People today, though, read newspapers with their coffee and toast in the morning. They listen to the radio and watch television. This is how they keep informed. Being informed is important. It keeps you from thinking there is an island somewhere where people the size of chihuahas live. Or an island where a full grown man could slide down a lady's bra. Or places where horses are smarter than people. You get the idea. Today, if someone wrote a book like **Gulliver's Travels** it would be called science fiction. It would probably be a lot like **Venus on the Half Shell.** But nobody writes books like **Gulliver's Travels** anymore. They write books **modeled** after **Gulliver's Travels.** Somebody once told me there is a difference.

One could say that **Venus on the Half Shell** is about the last man on earth, except that Simon Wagstaff spends three thousand years of the novel's time in space and has no way to get back at the end of the book. So really he's the last man **from** earth. Everyone else on earth had died when the world ended again in water to the utter displeasure of fire fetishists. Simon had survived the flood by clinging to the plastic showcase of a mummy which had drifted out of a museum in Cairo. Cairo is in Egypt which is where Simon Wagstaff was. He floated on the showcase until he was lucky enough to find a Chinese spaceship -- the **Hwang Ho.** After first scouting his home planet, now under more than 472 feet of water, for any signs of life, he departs to find the answer to his questions. Questions were one thing Simon had a lot of. He also had a dog named Anubis and an owl Athena because he "was mythology prone, which was only to be expected from a man who'd named his banjo Orpheus."

His pursuit of the answer to **"Why are we born only to suffer and die?"** leads him through a series of adventures on other worlds. There is Shaltoon, a planet whose inhabitants are forced to give equal time to the ancestors trapped in their cells. The Shaltoonian culture gives Trout an opportunity to replace the Freudian theory of dreams with his own: "Every once in a while some ancestor got through, and the carrier thought he was a reincarnation." On Giffard, Simon encounters the zeppelin-shaped male and pyramid-shaped female beings whose monogamy will eventually result in the extinction of the species. The males fly and the females keep asking their husbands for rides. The males get exhausted from the strain and both of them crash and burn. Simon's perfectly obvious solution to the problem, a polyandrous system, does not meet with much approval from the Giffardians, but in fleeing the pganet, Simon adds another to his entourage. Chworktap.

Chworktap is a robot. Simon discovers her on Giffard, "rising from the foam of a wave." She is the **Venus on the Half Shell** of the title. She has escaped from her master on Zelpst, a planet where anything the master wishes, the master has. Chworktap joins Simon, Anubis, and Athena on the quest to find the answer to the primal question. There are stops on Lalorlong, the home of the wheel people; Dokal, where Simon gains a tail and then loses it along with his eye; Goolgeas, the prison planet; and Shonk, where Simon finally meets with the Hoonhors. Along the way, Simon and Chworktap fall in love and discover that while their love is immortal, they can't stand each other. No one knows if this is a peculiarly human trait.

The Hoonhors caused the great flood at the beginning of the book which caused Simon to be the last man from Earth. The Hoonhors had flooded the Earth because it had to be cleaned up. It was their job. The Clerun-Gowph had been created by It, Itself and were the oldest race in existence. In face, Bingo, the leader of the Clerun-Gowphyhad actually walked and talked with It when It was still around to be talked and walked with. If anyone had the answer to the primal question, surely Bingo would be the one.

The Clerun-Gowph were cockroachoids. All other life in the universe had sprung from cockroach shit the Clerun-Gowph left behind while on surveying missions before they perfected the giant computer: "It's no big deal," Bingo said. "Once the universe is set up in a particular structure, everything from then on proceeds predictably. It's like rolling a bowling ball down the return trough." So it goes.

Simon does find the answer to his primal question of course. The universe lives predictably ever after. The Space-Wanderer will once more wander no more. And Trout accomplishes yet again to assimilate what he knows of Egyptian, Roman, Chinese, and Western mythology, religion, ethics, and politics, etc. in a manner that would have made Jonathan Swift extremely proud. The scene in which Odin, as Simon gives up his eye for knowledge ("Philosophically, he needs a change of diapers. Or I think he does. After all, there's no way to prove he was wrong.") is well worth the 95 cents price tag alone.

The most important thing about **Venus on the Half Shell**, though, is this: finally the work of Kilgore Trout is being made available to the reading public at large. It is heartening to note that while the copy in my possession was located by chance among a number of soft-core pornography books in an Abbeville novelty shop, the cover is nowhere as split-beaverish as in years past when one might almost be embarrassed reading a Trout novel in a public place. Perhaps after the financial success this novel is destined to prove, Dell will see fit to publish the collected works of Mr. Trout. It's about time. —

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Letters

Continued from page three

outfit is ridiculous. And the whole package was through the S.C. Legislature several years before our organization was born. I regret to see gross factual errors in an article whose view of the problem I basically share.

The statements about the Sierra Club and Audubon Society are as ill-formed and badly researched as those about my group. The Sierra Club has well-known and effective safeguards against "infiltration" and its policies emanate from a higher organizational level which the PR man, Tom Mason, had no part in anyway. The Columbia Audubon Society has been more aggressive than any other environmental group in the State about unveiling environmental conflicts-of-interest in politicians and has fought most of the major battles. From my experience with these groups, I would like to state what I think should be done by citizens concerned with the nuclear problem, and what has been wrong with citizen efforts so far.

The biggest problem is that the nuclear industry had its foot in the door before most environmental groups were even formed in South Carolina, and certainly before they had much strength or experience. Both the Barnwell plant and small nuclear plants had gotten through the political hurdles with exceptional ease years ago; almost all conservation groups have begun because of natural areas fights like Kilmer Forest, Santee Swamp, or the Tidelands. Had the groups begun as broad-based efforts they might have selected energy issues sooner. But it is only through these natural areas struggles that conservationists have learned the ropes on the political level, and been able to get access to the records and convictions of public officials.

The next trouble we have had is the size and scope of the nuclear industry. The environmental movement is used to fighting money and power, going against the odds, and still often winning. To work on the nuclear issue properly, I feel it would require more effort than we have put into all our previous efforts combined. Against this, the nuclear industry (which involves the utilities, oil companies, and other industries) will spend millions of dollars and employ teams of technical "experts" to make nuclear opponents look like uninformed radicals, old ladies in tennis shoes, or freaks. So far, a legal duel has been waged which I view as mainly a form of protest with small chance of having any impact. The real fight is a political one, which presently has virtually no political figures on its side to begin with. This means a well organized, long, persistent effort would have to be waged for public opinion to change.

The final obstacle in the nuclear opposition's way is the nature of the issue. It is easy enough to explain that there is an enormously hazardous quantity of plutonium at the plants, as well as other radioactive materials and wastes. It is also easy to show the abominable record of the nuclear industry's accidents. The dangers of transport and possibility of sabotage are also obvious. But the average citizen doesn't know how many kilowatt hours make a megawatt of peak power and sees no bread-and-butter issue in it. The technology of how accidents can occur is hard enough to explain to a University graduate in a science. Try explaining it while the local utility talks about blackouts and brownouts and higher bills if they don't get on with their construction program. Being right means nothing if you cannot convince others that you are.

It may take the enormous tragedy of a nuclear power catastrophe to reform certain segments of the nuclear industry. It may be that the average man must fear nuclear power to the same degree that many Japanese fear nuclear technology after Hiroshima. But the blame must go to the malfunction of the American system that has allowed a giant federal bureaucracy to handle the whole show on nuclear power, and established the bureaucracy as a protection for an industry rather than as the cutting edge of the public interest. Much of the blame is also due to South Carolina and other states for not having strong ethics and campaign reform laws, and other measures that give good government a chance.

But in addition to the factual errors that the "Silent Death Factory" article contains about the environmental movement's efforts, there is a larger problem. The article condemns spokesmen for the Barnwell plant like Bob Newman and PR man Tom Mason. I blame them no more than I blame a Detroit auto worker whose company happens to manufacture vehicles with unsafe features. In fact, that is a part of the job of the industry's spokesmen, to take the heat off the politicians and to draw the fire of the journalist and the citizen. If Amanda Spake had talked to us before writing her article, she might have saved herself the embarrassment of being wrong on extraneous points and might have given the nuclear opposition another step forward by expanding her attack on the deserving end of the political spectrum.

I don't think the Amanda Spake article gave the nuclear opposition a black eye, because I don't think there is any effective opposition yet in South Carolina. The several years we have devoted to grassroots organizing and the knowledge we have gleaned are available to anyone who has a grasp of the issue and the staying power to lead. Major segments of the nuclear industry urgently need to be attacked by concerned citizens. Are there any takers?

Brion Blackwelder
Executive Director, S.C.E.C.

What's wrong with equality?

To the editors:

I read, with interest, your article of March 7 about the proceedings in your State Legislature concerning ERA.

It is always curious to me that so many people blindly follow the ravings of Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly. She maintains ratification of ERA will push all women into the job market and cause a breakdown in the home. She certainly can't be home much these days.

She probably stressed the point that Illinois has not ratified either. However, I would bet money that she did not mention that the new Illinois State Constitution adopted in 1970 provides for equal rights for all citizens. Furthermore, no horrible things have happened here as a result. Women are still choosing to be homemakers, we do not have common public restrooms, etc., etc.

Opponents of the ERA will tell you women already have equality by way of Article I of the U.S. Constitution. But none of them have ever answered my question. Why was it then necessary to have an amendment to give women the right to vote?

I did resent a bit the writer's stereotype of the women who are Pro-ERA -- both sides of the issue include all kinds of women. I happen to be 50 years old, a church member, a wife, a mother, an elected official, a bra wearer; one who is usually soft spoken and neatly dressed when out in public.

To me the interpretation of ERA is very simple. It means all people will be equal under the law. What is so bad about that?

Ms. Mary L. Johnson
Peoria, Illinois

Dew and vanity

To the editors:

The ERA Coalition had gerrymandered on to the halls of Government a significant horde of NOW princesses. With their bright ERA-yes buttons, they epitomized the dew and the vanity which seem to hold young ERA-dites into a squishy pervasive mold. Rather awe-stricken at all the God-awesome ERA-no people, the proponents found some consolation in Father Duffy's pronouncement that God favored ERA, which reassured those in doubt that they can be **for** ERA and **still** believe in God if they want to.

The frailties of the ERA Coalition were ominous. Their spokesman, Preston Callison, backed up a file of corrosive appearers (giving, for the most part, name and serial number only), set forth his arguments for ERA and ended with some admissions supportive of the anti-ERA goalposts.

Having need to re-co-align the Coalition, the proponents vowed to ********

The above is a sample of the humor seen ON THE OTHER SIDE which your entertainment editor, Dan Lackey, missed completely in his account of "the show" at the State House. I agree with him that it was spectacular.

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by Venson Steadman
April 11-18

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Challenge of the Dragon" stars the late Bruce Lee's brother at 3:30, 6:30 and 9:30. "Bamboo Gods" runs at 5 and 8. Both are rated R.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Strange Patterns" and "Sex Cures the Crazy." X with the first complete show at 3:15 and the last at 9:15.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"The Teacher" Centerfold star Angel Tompkins plays the pedagogue with Jay "Dennis the Menace" North as a very avid pupil. Rated R, the times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Different Strokes" has Harry Reems and Georgina Spelvin, the reigning king and queen of the porno circuit. The second feature is "Distortions of Sexuality." Both are X, and continuous shows begin at 1 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"The Great Waldo Pepper." Some unusually good aerial sequences (shot entirely "on location") but to get to them one has to wade through George Roy Hill's bubble gum cutesy direction and some execrable pseudo-witty dialogue by William Goldman. With Robert Redford and (briefly) Margot Kidder. G, of course, with shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"Escape to Witch Mountain" returns for another week. Disney, Ray Milland, Eddie Albert, and a science fiction plot. 1:45, 4, 6:15 and 8:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Chinatown." Director Roman Polanski and writer Robert Towne revisit the world of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, but this is no mere nostalgia binge. Based on an actual incident in L.A. during the thirties, "Chinatown" is tightly knit detective story that has some serious things to say about corruption. Jack Nicholson is not so much the Bogart of the seventies as what Bogart would be if he were still working. See it at 1:30, 4, 6:30 and 9. Rated R.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Lenny" doesn't hype up its subject the way old Hollywood bios would (or such

Robert Redford

new Hollywood bios as "Lady Sings the Blues"), but the producers and director Bob Fosse have subtly sentimentalized the life of counter-culture hero Lenny Bruce. All the same, there are some witty stylistic tricks, a first rate job by Valerie Perrine, and a brilliant performance (as opposed to acting) by Dustin Hoffman. The real Bruce probably would have made a better movie, but "Lenny" is going into its 7th week. R. 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Brannigan." John Wayne doing his stuff in modern London. PG. Call theatre for times.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud" stars Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill. Show times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Young Frankenstein" continues. Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, Marty Feldman, Terri Garr, Cloris Leachman, Madeline Kahn, and Kenneth Mars. They're all superb in Mel Brooks' most nearly perfect comedy. PG. Ends soon, so see it if you haven't at 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:15 and 9:25.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Shampoo." Don't be fooled by the unpretentious title; this is a major comedy that is both funny and has some important things to say about sexuality and modern life styles. It's a bedroom farce about a hairdresser (Warren Beatty) who gives his customers more than just coiffing. Good acting by Goldie Hawn, Lee Grant, and Julie Christie, solid direction by Hal Ashby, and a wise script by producer Beatty and Robert Towne ("Chinatown"). R. 3, 5, 7 and 9.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Truckin' Man." Rated R with shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Four Musketeers." A continuation of last year's "The Three Musketeers" which judging from its predecessor should be a funny if thoroughly lightweight entertainment. This one reportedly has a lot more blood. Times are 3, 5, 7 and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Carnal Knowledge" is supposed to be a witty look at sexual relationships, but it's ugly and dislikable and seems to be contemptous of its own characters. Jack Nicholson and Art Garfunkel play college roommates who pursue and mostly talk about sex from the fifties through the seventies, with Candice Bergen and Ann-Margret as their principal objects. Jules Feiffer's screenplay has the same facile pseudo-sophistication as his cartoons. Mike Nichols' direction is even worse -- willing to do anything for an effect. Rated R. 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:20.

clubs

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Mary Hill" continues for the 11th and 12th. No cover charge.

JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"The Platters" on April 15 through 19. Call for information on cover charges.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"High Cotton" sings on the 11th and 12th. $2 per head for members on the weekend.

THE POINT AFTER, 304 Greystone Blvd., 254-8101

"The Beginnings" on April 11 and 12. $1 for men and women get in free Monday through Thursday. $2.50 for singles and $5 for couples on the weekend.

THE COPPER DOOR, 2703 Rosewood Dr., 771-9387

Members are admitted free Monday through Wednesday and the charge is $2 per person on the weekend. There is a beer party on Thursday night with a $5 charge per couple.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Dr., 799-2575

"The Elders" are the scheduled band for the week ending April 12. Admission is $1 per person Monday through Thursday and $2 on Friday and Saturday. A membership card, costing $5 per year and $1 per month, is required.

politics

Common Cause in South Carolina will hold an organizational meeting on Saturday, April 19 at 10:30 a.m. at the YWCA on the corner of Blanding and Bull Streets. Members of the general public are invited to attend and join Common Cause, a national citizens' lobby. The meeting is expected to last about two hours.

theatre

Town Theatre will present Jean Anouilh's **Becket** starting April 11 and running through the 19th. Anouilh's drama is the story of King Henry II and his conflict with the fated archbishop Thomas Becket. Tickets are $3.50 for adults and $2.50 for students. Times are 8:30 p.m. nightly with matinees at 3 on Sundays.

Winnie the Pooh, a children's play based on the A.A. Milne characters, continues to play at the Workshop Theatre through the 12th. The curtain goes up at 8 p.m. with additional 3 p.m. matinees on Saturdays and Sundays. Tickets are $2 each.

art

Sculpture by Jane Armstrong will be exhibited at the Columbia Museum of Art from April 10 through May 7. Armstrong, who lives and works in Vermont, specializes in free-form sculpture that she invites the spectator to touch as well as see. Exhibits in the Museum's Silver Anniversary celebration will be continuing through April 20, including an "American Landscape Painter Survey" that is presented in arrangement with New York's Coe Kerr Gallery and a look at the works of "South Carolina Silversmiths" dating back as far as 1800.

music

The Mikado by Gilbert and Sullivan will be presented on April 17th through the 19th by the Columbia College music department. The performances are at 8 p.m. in Cottingham Auditorium and tickets are $2 for adults, $1 for students.

Bernard Lagace will give an organ recital at St. Martins-in-the-Fields Episcopal Church on April 18. The recital is open to the public and begins at 8 p.m.

Continued on page 11

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Cinema

'Shampoo': putting sex in its place

SHAMPOO
at the Palmetto Theatre

At a time when the sex conscious films of the late sixties and early seventies have been sidetracked by such boy-meets-boy adventure fantasies as **Freebie and the Bean** and **The Sting**, rendered censorable by the "moral" Big Brotherhood of a Nixonized Supreme Court, and financially torpedoed by the success of G-rated ickypoo like **Waldo Pepper** and the incessant Disney films, **Shampoo** shows that sex is still joyously possible as the subject of a non-porno movie.

It's about George (Warren Beatty), a Beverly Hills hairdresser who loves (and likes) women and whose job gives him ample opportunities to prove it. Certainly his customers have no objection to this special treatment, and George's life moves in a mad whirl between his various clients and more particularly his girl (Goldie Hawn), a super-libidinous patroness (Lee Grant), and an old flame whom he truly loves (Julie Christie).

George wants to open up a beauty shop, but as he roars around on his motorcycle from one assignation to another he finds he can't quite keep up with his own sex life. "I been cutting too many heads lately. I'm losing all my concepts." The film covers the three days before, during, and after the 1968 Presidential election, and over that period George loses one inamorata after another as his world gradually disintegrates for viewer inspection.

This snappy idea has come out of the heads of co-writers Beatty and Robert Towne, and has been directed by the very capable Hal Ashby (**Harold and Maude, The Last Detail**). Actually, the impetus for the project would seem to have been Beatty's, for he has produced the movie (since most current films are tailored for specific stars anyway, it's hardly surprising that the process should be carried a few steps further) and has stated to the press that his purpose was to show that the traditional view of the Cassanova-type as a latent homosexual is a myth. And to prove his point, he has apparently drawn on his own marathon sex life including his liaison with Julie Christie.

Beatty's frankness has provoked some surprising reactions from certain critics such as Stanley Kauffman, who decided **Shampoo** is "disgusting" for its onscreen reference to an offscreen reality -- surprising because such anachronistic puritanism really misses the point. **Shampoo** isn't disgusting because it has been created with a superb sense of style. The performances, for example, show each of the actors at their best and in the case of Jack Warden (who plays Grant's wearily efficient but likable businessman husband) better than one might have expected. Christie has never been more charming. Grant has never been bitchier. Goldie Hawn comes off especially well -- playing against her usual dumb blond routine -- and I haven't seen a movie in which she looked prettier. And some genius for casting has put newcomer Carrie Fisher in the role of Lana, Grant's daughter -- the deep voiced maturity of Fisher (who also has sex with George) being a funny and pointed contrast with the lechy flightiness of her mother.

Shampoo is not disgusting because director Hal Ashby doesn't exploit his subject. For the most part the coitus is comically interruptus, and in fact the only explicit sex is some highly suggestive bedroom noises under the credits. Furthermore, Ashby shows a nice sense of how to handle these farcical scenes without forcing them to the screaming hysteria of, say, Frank Capra at his worst. A climactic party scene in which the husband, lover, and various women confront each other gains more by underplaying the embarrassments than if it had tried to belt the audience out of its seats. And as in **Chinatown**, Towne's dialogue is profane but never leering because it is simply the way people talk.

Indeed the whole movie is remarkably restrained in tone with some handsome photography by Laszlo Kovacs and pensive pauses in the action that are unusual to the Feydeauesque genre. Perhaps the only way in which the ambience goes awry is the selection of the time frame. With a background full of Agnew making TV speeches about "moral permissiveness" and signs reading "Nixon's the One," the '68 election may have seemed like a clever way to develop some comic resonance (and according to Beatty, political comment), but it's a weak conceit. What this time distance does do, however, is to slightly stylize the setting and the sexy skimp of the mini-skirts and more especially Paul Simon's wordless song on the soundtrack are readily evocative of the mood of the period.

Finally, **Shampoo** is not disgusting because it actually has something to say. This is not to suggest the odium of a "redeeming social value," but there is the redeeming artistic value of a theme and purpose. Beatty's George is really very simple -- almost an abstraction of pure sexuality the way Mozart's **Don Giovanni** dramatized physicality through character. His girl, Jill, asks him to recite his various amours (a catalogue aria?), and he can't do it because he's loved them all. Sex for George is just fun, but his various women consider him emotionally retarded because he's so unfaithful. Jill gives George an ultimatum of either constancy or "I'll know you're incapable of love," and when he fails the test she drops him as do all the others.

Beatty's super virile George is a kinky change from his first truly important film role, the near impotent Clyde, particularly since he plays them almost the same way. His shy inarticulateness has always had comic possibilities because it suggests that the way that he expresses himself is not with words, and in **Shampoo** this reserve makes the lasciviousness of the ladies all the more hilariously suggestive. (Beatty's attraction for aggressor females also explains why he seems to type as a gigolo: **The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, The Only Game in Town**).

Ultimately, George is a loser, an apparent victim of his own animal nature, and the film may hit a false note by finally sentimentalizing him. He's too unforgiveably childish to be entirely sympathetic, and there is more of pathos than tragedy in the ending. However, George's downfall is entirely consistent with the movie's theme. As in **American Graffiti**, the dramatic progression in **Shampoo** is of characters re-evaluating or rejecting their life styles (which is another reason why they are set in the early sixties or '68, since the book is not yet closed on the present); each undergoes some kind of climactic change in the end. For George, who has no driving motivation except sex, who knows that his work is pointless and that he hasn't done much but says that coupling "makes me feel like I'm going to live forever," for him the girl he truly loves (or at least "trusts") driving off into the grey morning of the finale leaves him facing a dead-end-sex is all he has.

The pleasures of **Shampoo** are the pleasures of intelligent artists who know precisely what they want to say and how to say it. It's an adult movie, made for adults, and considering the infantile nature of many recent films that's saying quite a lot. At a time when escapist nostalgia and adventure dominate the movie scene, films like **Shampoo** and **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore** move to restore the balance.

Venson Steadman

Events

Continued from page ten

The Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra gives its last concert of the season on April 15 at 8 p.m. Associate Conductor John Bauer will lead the orchestra in music by Rossini, Mendelsson, Satie, and Honniger, and Young Artist winner Jacqueline Clement will perform the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 1. Tickets are $4.50 for adults and $2.25 for students and may be obtained from the Columbia Music Festival.

The Carpenters are singing at Carolina Coliseum on April 20 and tickets are still available in both the $6.50 and $5.50 sections. Contact the Coliseum box office or ticket outlets.

specials

The deadline is midnight April 19 for entries into the Second Annual South Carolina Young Filmmakers Festival. Anyone 19 years old or younger may enter a film, and the winners of the competition will be shown at the festival on May 3. All entries must be accompanied by a 3 X 5 card stating the filmmaker's name and address, film title, gauge (16 mm, 8mm, or Super 8 mm), and synchronization instructions if there is a sound accompaniment. Another card should also be included giving name, address, school, age, grade, film title, a short description of the film, film credits, a brief comment on the techniques used, and titles of other films produced. The entries should be sent to Young Filmmakers Festival, South Carolina Arts Commission, 829 Richland Street, Columbia, S.C. 29201.

television

Monday, April 14

8 p.m. - Joe Garagiola returns with a show featuring movie views of baseball including clips from Buster Keaton's "College." (Channel 10)

8:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Cincinnati Reds against the Dodgers from Los Angeles. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - The Ascent of Man. "The Long Childhood" is about man's progression toward knowledge with a detailed look at the human brain. This is the last program in the series, which was among Dr. Bronowski's final work since he died soon after these essays were shown in Britain. (Channel 35)

Tuesday, April 15

8 p.m. - Movie. "The Swiss Family Robinson" is a new TV version of the Johann Wyss book with Martin Milner, Pat Delany, and Cameron Mitchell. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Action Biography. Israeli premier Yitzhak Rabin is profiled in this ABC News special that will have Rabin talking about the Israeli position in the Middle East peace talks and will look at the beginnings of his political and military career. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m. - College All-Star Basketball game from Las Vegas. (Channel 25)

Wednesday, April 16

9:30 p.m. - Feeling Good. Heart disease is the topic with Pearl Bailey and Dick Cavett. (Channel 35)

10 p.m. - The Law. The excellent three part miniseries concludes with Stone trying to save a convicted murderer from the gas chamber. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. - Firing Line. James B. Edwards discusses his position as a Republican governor of South Carolina with William F. Buckley. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. "Play It Again Bogie," a nostalgic retrospective of Bogart's career is repeated. Peter Lawford interviews Ingrid Bergman, Ida Lupino, George Raft, and others. (Channel 25)

Thursday, April 17

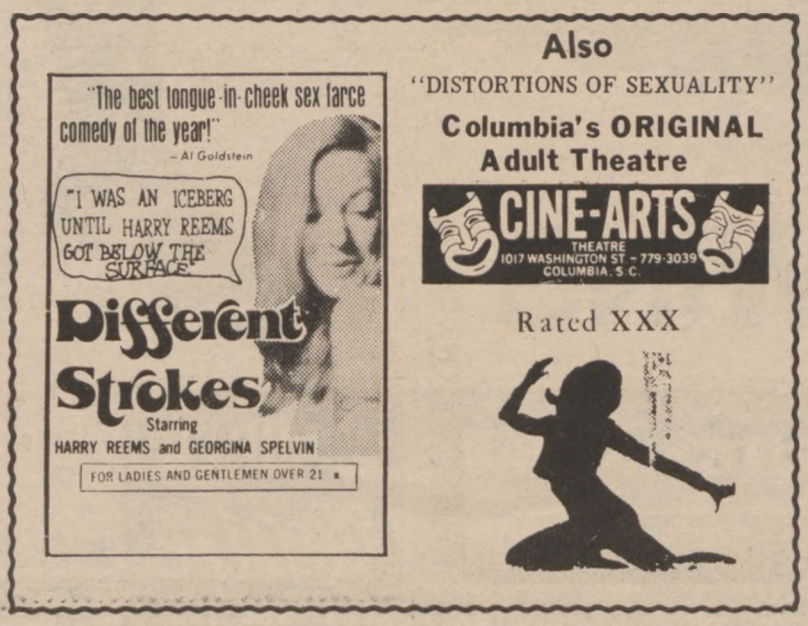
9 p.m. - Bob Hope Special. Scheduled guests are John Wayne, Flip Wilson, Aretha Franklin, and the rock group America, all taped at UCLA. (Channel 10)

Friday, April 18

9 p.m. - Basketball. Another NBA playoff contest. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. - Julie -- My Favorite Things. Julie Andrews with Peter Sellers and the Muppets. (Channel 25).

10:30 p.m. - The Romantic Rebellion. Lord Clark looks at the fusion of the romantic and classical in the work of French painter Jean-Francois Millet. (Channel 35)



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